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Should an artist arrive in this city without an engagement with any of our concert managers, his first step is generally to visit the different piano manufacturers represented here, and his next is to procure through the recommendation of one of these, a person capable of arranging his concert business for him. This person found, the artist decides upon his hall, and then bethinks him of choosing upon which piano (if a pianist) he must perform—Thalberg—Jael—Gottschalk—Wehli, Hoffman, Poznanski, and many others have shown us that Chickering's instruments have always been chosen for first-class concerts of first-class artists, and Irving Hall always taken by them for their performances. These three things settled upon, viz.: the choice of piano, hall and manager, this latter proceeds to organize things in the true American style. The European artist then sees, about two weeks before his concert, immense *streamers* all over the town, with his name in monstrous letters on a sheet some six or eight feet long. Then later come the colossal *posters*, with date of concert, names of assisting artists, price of tickets, and other details. Then appear, through the zealous workings of the manager and visits of the artist, prefatory articles on the merits of the artist—translations of articles from European papers, a selection of which Monsieur the Artist, generally carries along in scrap-books for that purpose. Next, a shower of *dodgers* rain on the citizens from all sides; they hang on strings in cars, omnibuses, hotels, bar-rooms, soliciting a pull at them from passers-by. Lastly appear the programmes, in music stores, book stores, piano emporiums, &c., and then all is ready. In the meanwhile, also, photographs, lithographs and woodcuts have also made their appearance. When everything is in this trim the doors open and the public pour in, if the name of the artist combined with the enthusiastic efforts of the business manager has succeeded in attracting the crowd.

And how different is it in Paris. There the artist does not precisely address himself to the multitude, but rather to those who know him socially and in private; through their influence are things arranged, and not by means of streamers, dodgers, advertisements, notices, lithographs, woodcuts or immense posters.

An artist in Paris knows nearly the precise amount of the net proceeds of his concert before the concert-hall is opened. His arrangements are operated in this manner: The artist in Paris does everything in the managing line, through the agency of a bureau, held for that purpose by M. A. Giacomelli, *editeur* and musical critic of the excellent journal, *La Presse Musicale*. M. Giacomelli has always at his disposal a host of artists of all voices and instruments, who are anxious for an occasion of making themselves heard in public, and who are only happy to tender the assisting services, for nothing more than the honor of public appearance, and if a lady, a pair of white kids—a beautiful bouquet, (the eternal accessory to a lady's full concert-dress in Paris), and a carriage to and from the temple of St. Cecile.

The artist consults with Mons. Giacomelli as to which of the three concert saloons he can procure for his concert, on what date, &c., and what vocal and instrumental aid he shall have. The three concert halls, or rather salons in Paris, are those of Henri Herz, Rue de la Victoire; Erard, Rue du Mail, and Pleyel, Rue Rochecouart. The artist then gives to Giacomelli the names of

his pieces, and the latter completes the programme with the artistic stock chosen from his vocal and instrumental reserves. The artist then goes to work on his side, armed with his tickets, and commences operations as follows:—

To each of the masters of the different *salons* in which he has performed during that season, (having been introduced therein by letters of recommendation, or through the private offices of a friend,) he sends from five to ten tickets, price ten francs each. He then addresses, by means of a delicately polite French note, a certain number of tickets to the leading men of the artistic metropolis—those who are known to give pecuniary patronage to artists in general, be they acquainted with them or not. At the head of this encouraging cortege, is his Majesty, Napoleon III. He has organized a regular budget which is distributed for matters of this nature, to those interested, by the superintendent of theatres and concerts, his private secretary, the Count Bacciochi, the active disposition of these funds being made by this latter's representative, Mons. de Coni, attaché of the Emperor's house. The sum subscribed by his Majesty through this channel, is a fixed one (100 francs—ten tickets), and the same for all artists, but allowed them only once every two years. Thus an artist, giving annual concerts in Paris, addresses his Majesty only every other year. The letter addressed to his Majesty is so well known by all artists in Paris, that it has become quite a stereotyped one. It generally runs thus, and is written on large sized ministerial paper:—

"SIRE: J'ai l'honneur d'offrir, à sa majesté, dix billets de mon concert, qui aura lieu dans la salle—le—de ce mois à huit heures du soir.

"Connaissant l'extrême bienveillance avec laquelle sa majesté daigne accueillir les artistes j'ose espérer qu'elle voudra bien les agréer. Avec l'assurance du profond respect, avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur, d'être de sa majesté.

"Le très humble, et très obéissant serviteur,
X."

This letter duly carried to the Palace of the Tuilleries—the artist proceed to his other correspondence. He addresses two tickets, with a letter to each of the following well known high functionaries and princes of wealth: the Prefect of Seine (Mons. Hausman), the Prefect of the Police, the Minister of the house of the Emperor, the Minister of his own country, the baron of Rothschild, Emile and Isaac Pereire, the princess Mathilde the princess Clothilde, and many others of this stamp. Nearly all these tickets are accepted and paid for (though generally not made use of except in cases of very great celebrity), and the artist's abode is, during the week preceding his concert, swarmed with the valets of all these princely customers, who send thus their contributions.

Mad. la Baronne de Rothschild has a peculiar manner of conveying her *louis d'or* to the altar of art—she encloses her card, under envelope, having first made two slits in it, one over and the other under her name, through which two slits she delicately insinuates the brilliant coin. A finely dressed *laquais* brings the envelope, and gives it himself, into the artist's hands. Mad. Pereire has another system just as efficacious—on the border of her card is fastened by gum a small envelope, just the size of a 20-franc piece, which she encloses in the same, covering the whole with a larger envelope intrusted to a servant's care for conveyance.

The posting and advertisement of a concert in

Paris are generally reduced to their most simple expression. About one hundred small posters are used. These are placed in the six or eight principal music stores—Brandus, Rhetta & Co., Giraud Gambouji, Flaxladd, Escudier, Heugel, Columbur, &c.,—and stuck up on the picturesque "Colonnes d'Affiches," on the Boulevards. These posters do not usually exceed the dimensions of 2 feet by 3. The advertisement of the concert consists only in small notices (which are not paid for) in the four or five different musical papers, and sometimes, also, (but these are paid for) in the daily papers, principally *La Patrie*, *Le Journal des Debats*, and *l'Opinion Nationale*. Apropos of the second named paper, Hector Berlioz is its musical critic, and there he heaps dark invectives against, or piles brilliant encomiums on the different musical lights of the Parisian world. This remark brings us to a natural digression of a few lines, in order to observe to our readers that this great musician—too great, perhaps, for he has reduced music to a mathematical, or rather geometrical science—is extremely difficult to please, and his articles, brilliantly written, generally groan, grumble and flash against those whose talents he is called upon to criticise. In turn, he has been generally badly treated by those called to criticise his works. They pretended that Berlioz saw, and would have only, in music, profound art and deep science; whilst they presumed to ask for inspiration and happy melodies, wishing to pass over less arid grounds to arrive at pleasant abodes. Some of these gentlemen observed (on the occasion of the representation of Berlioz's opera, "The Trojans," at the Theatre Lyrique) that the maestro's creations had the savagely arid aspect of a grand and imposing desert, with only few oases; whilst they wished for in music, as a civilized art and refined science, pleasing and picturesque sites, as well as grandly imposing scenery. Comparing, for instance, Meyerbeer's works to a grandly sublime, poetically thrilling tableau in the Alleghanies, and Berlioz's works to the imposing, awful grandeur of the Sahara. But let us return to our Parisian artist, and continue prying into his business.

(To be Continued.)

THE MAGAZINES.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June, comes to us, as usual, welcome and early. The present number is graced by varied papers by eminent writers. Its contents are as follows:

Quicksands, by Mrs. C. A. Hopkinson; In the Hemlocks, by John Burroughs; Last Days of Walter Savage Landor.—III, by Miss Kate Field; The Dead Ship of Harpswell, by John G. Whittier; Doctor Johns.—XVII, by Donald G. Mitchell; Tied to a Rope, by Charles J. Sprague; Giotto's Tower, by Henry W. Longfellow; Passages from Hawthorne's Note-Books.—VI; The Mountain, by E. C. Steadman; The Chimney-Corner for 1866.—VI, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe; A Pioneer Editor; Griffith Gaunt, or Jealousy.—VII, by Chas. Reade; Bad Symptoms, by Edward Spenser; Reviews and Literary Notices.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS, Ticknor & Fields, is also before us, with a long list of excellent articles suitable for the young, by known and popular writers. The contents are as follows:

The Little Southerners, by Mrs. Ed. A. Walker, two illustrations; The Violet's Lesson, by Susan E. Dickenson, one illustration; The Bird's Question, by John G. Whittier, which we quote below; Sea-life, by the author of "Seven Little Sisters,"

four illustrations; A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life, by the author of "Fair Gartney's Girlhood," one illustration; The First May Flowers, by Kate Putnam, one illustration; Mother Magpie's Mischief, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, one illustration; Spring Song, by Rose Terry; The Four Seasons, by Lucretia Hale, four illustrations; A Tennessee Farm House, by J. T. Trowbridge, one illustration; The Dew Fairies, by Margaret T. Cady, one illustration; Round the Evening Table, with various illustrations, and "Our Letter Box."

THE BIRD'S QUESTION.

Behind us at our evening meal
The gray bird ate his fill,
Swung downward by a single claw,
And wiped his hooked bill.

He shook his wings and crimson tail,
And set his head aslant,
And, in his sharp, impatient way,
Asked, "What does Charlie want?"

"Fie, silly bird!" I answered, "tuck
Your head beneath your wing
And go to sleep";—but o'er and o'er
He asked the self-same thing.

Then, smiling, to myself I said:
How like are men and birds!
We all are saying what he says
In action or in words.

The boy with whip and top and drum,
The girl with hoop and doll,
And men with lands and houses, ask
The question of Poor Poll.

However full, with something more
We fain the bag would cram;
We sigh above our crowded nets
For fish that never swam.

No bounty of indulgent Heaven
The vague desire can stay;
Self-love is still a Tartar mill
For grinding prayers away.

The dear God hears and pities all;
He knoweth all our wants;
And what we blindly ask of Him
His love withholds or grants.

And so I sometimes think our prayers
Might well be merged in one;
And nest and perch and hearth and church
Repeat, "Thy will be done."

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Our very readable contemporary, the *Home Journal*, lately gave copies of three original notes from three eminent men which, to some extent, merit the title of literary curiosities. A gentleman and scholar, deeply interested in the subject of education, prepared a work on it, and desiring to enlist in the cause those who, by their prominent position, might win for it a favorable hearing, solicited permission to dedicate his book to Lord Brougham, one of the greatest students of the age. The veteran orator and publicist declined in the following suggestive note:

"GRAFTON STREET, LONDON,
August 2d, 1841. }

"Lord Brougham presents his compliments to Mr. F——n, and thanks him for his kind inten-

tion; but is under the necessity of declining the honor which he proposes to him, and begs he would dedicate his work to some one who would be likely to have it more in his power to assist in its circulation, as the subject is one of very great importance.

"C——T F——G——N, Esq."

Sir Robert Peel was next approached, and he, too, in a very business style, declined.

"DRAYTON MANOR, Augt. 3rd, 1841.

"SIR,—I trust that you will excuse me, if in conformity with the principles on which I act in similar cases, I beg leave respectfully to decline the compliment which you propose in your note of the 31st July.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT PEEL.

"C. F——N, Esq."

Not disheartened, the individual who had the work to dedicate, laid siege to the old hero, the Duke of Wellington, but he had taken a vow against the encroachments of dedicators.

"WALMER CASTLE, August 11th, 1841.

"Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. F——n, and has received his note.

"About twenty-six years have elapsed since the Duke found himself under the necessity of resolving that he would never give a formal permission that any work whatever should be dedicated to him. He has never departed from that resolution.

"He is much concerned that he cannot accept the honor proposed to him" by Mr. F——n.

"C——T F——N, Esq."

These notes are really interesting, because they are very characteristic. No one can fail to perceive the advantage of the literary man over the political leader and the military chief. "Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington's" note is a very mighty affair, full of "pomp and circumstance." Peel's is a formally, cold, polite, and political "don't bother me," but Brougham's is a warm and kindly production, showing appreciation of the subject, and a desire to further it. No notes were ever more strikingly characteristic, and it is pleasant to see the superiority of head and heart displayed by the literary man in contrast to even the first soldier and most prominent statesman of the day in Great Britain.

Some time ago the rumor was prevalent in London literary circles that Alfred Tennyson stood in a fair way of being created a baronet by Queen Victoria. The fact that the latter had been "very much touched" by the laureate's dedication of "The Idyls of the King" to his lady mistress; and that the stock phrases with which the memory of Prince Albert is popularly associated, such as "Great and Good," "Silent Father," and so forth, were supplied by it, gave some additional room for speculation on the realization of the rumor.

Canvassing the said rumor, the "Flaneur" of the London *Star* furnished some little reminiscences of another literary gentleman who received a baronetcy, and between whom and the laureate have passed some "paper pellets." Should the dignity be conferred, (says he), Sir Alfred will be like his own Sir Walter, "no little lily-handed baronet," but "a great, broad-shouldered, genial-Englishman." To the word "genial" one may say "query." Sir Alfred Tennyson will be the second living writer on whom a baronetcy has been conferred for his genius, and how pleased the other literary baronet will be! I wonder, when the news comes

ringing through the avenue at Knebworth, whether Sir E. B. L. will remember how in his "New Timon" he wrote about

"The jingling melody of purloined conceits,
Out-babbling Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats,"

How he talked about "School miss Alfred," and complained that the government "pensions Tennyson while it starves a Knowles." I imagine he will not have forgotten the reply!—the delicious epithet—"the padded man that wears the stays"—

"Who killed the girls and kicked the boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote;
A Lyon, yes, that made a noise,
And shook a mane *en pampillottes*."

He will remember how it was declared that "half his little soul was dirt," how one saw the "old marks of rouge upon his cheeks," &c. Oh! if ever these two literary Barts. are brought together, what a happy meeting it will be!

In the course of a lengthy article on Savage's "Faith and Fancy," the *Nashville Republican Banner* gives a glimpse of the author, which naturally commands a niche in our literary personal column:

"In the palm and high noon of old Washington, when clubs were allowable and people had not learned to hate each other as they do now-a-days—society possessed no one more favorite or more brilliant than John Savage. He was a young Irishman, and found his way to America without going round-about through Van Dieman. Arrived in New York, he devoted himself to art and literature, ran away with the daughter of a commodore, printed a history and a book of verse, and finally was called to the capital to do the leading writing upon the most versatile, spirited, and ill-fated newspaper ever published in that city. As a journalist, he combined a variety of qualifications—a bright, vigorous, and flexible style, a keen, and acute observance, amazing industry, and availability. His leading editorials, his piquant paragraphs, his gossiping sketches were alike notable, readable, and effective. But he was most showy as a convivialist—sang the best and rarest of Irish songs—told the choicest and freshest stories—with the culture and chastity of a scholar, poet, and gentleman. He was a dramatist, too, as well as a man of the world—a wit, without being a wag. His plays, especially one of them—kept the boards sufficiently to class him among successful writers for the stage. In short, he had no superior for brilliancy and versatility at that time, and was fortunate enough to escape the ordeal of excessive lionization, unspoiled." As a poet, the critic judges Mr. Savage with generous but analytical approval. He thinks "Faith and Fancy" a sound book of poems, with "a deal more of healthful tone and out-door vigor in the composition than one finds commonly at present." "Shane's Head," "Washington," "Dreaming by Moonlight," and the series of "Winter Thoughts" especially attract the writer's commendation. Of the latter, he says: "The first, 'The Dead Year,' is the truest specimen of the peculiar kind of writing it represents that we remember. Nothing could be more complete, more chaste, or more thoughtful—full of rich and reflective, yet simple illustration—than the charming reverie of winter. Its fellow pictures are as delicate, though perhaps none of them contain the same amount of brief and epigrammatic vigor of idealism and expression. We regard it as better than similar pieces of Longfellow and Tennyson—more natural, less eccentric—as full of meaning as feeling."

Amongst the most popular of recent books abroad has been Mr. Moëns' account of his cap-